

element in it made it the gravest that had demanded his attention in all his phosphoric-like career. The public sentiment was entirely against the people he had been called upon to represent, for while it was desired that the murderer of Jake Sharkley should be brought to justice, it could not be forgotten the friends of the dead man had thought to usurp the privileges of the law, and, to carry out their unholy proceedings, had not scrupled to make an attempt on the sacred persons of a minister of God and a servant of the commonwealth.

The opening day of the trial saw the old court-house crowded to the doors, while, an unusual thing in the South, in the space reserved for ladies there was not a vacant chair. The hill element was well represented, but their faces wore subdued expressions, and more than one threw apprehensive glances toward the soldiers, who, the day following the raid on the jail, had been dispatched by the Governor to guard the prisoner. A large number of white citizens testified as to the character of the prisoner, which had ever been free from blame. But his sole witness was a young farmer, who stated that shortly after noon on that Monday, while on his way to the Blue Lick Springs, he had met the prisoner, on the road leading to Sharkley's house. The prisoner had told him of the quarrel with his employer in the morning, but, as the last month's wages were unpaid, he had reconsidered his first intention of leaving, and was on his way back to Mr. Sharkley's where he had decided to remain until the time for which he had engaged himself had expired. The prisoner, on that occasion, wore a suit of dark clothes. He had not expressed the slightest resentment over the treat-

ment he had received, and when they parted, began to whistle.

The witnesses against the prisoner were many. A dozen men, who had been at the Lick smithy, had heard his threat to "fix the old man," while others declared, at noon, he had been seen going in the direction of the La Rue Hotel, where, it was known, another negro was employed, who was seen to have in his possession a pistol. It was a significant fact that since the murder this negro had left the hotel nor could his present whereabouts be located. But the witness in whom the greatest interest centered was Lucy Sharkley, the only child of the dead man. She was a slightly built, timid creature, with the fragile fairness of the wild lily-bells that flourish in the sunless depths of her own dim forests. Her eyes were delicately blue and tender and her tears, as she spoke of her father, touched every heart. Her mother had died several years ago, and the pathos of her young life, as she unconsciously revealed it on the witness stand, was not without its visible effect on that crowded room. She confirmed what had been said of Pete's character, and admitted that while her father was often harsh, the boy had never shown him any disrespect and had been prompt and faithful in the performance of his duty. She had not witnessed the quarrel and the first intimation she received of it was when the prisoner had rushed through the kitchen on his way to his room, which was adjoining. When she next saw him, he had on his "Sunday clothes" and carried a bundle under his arm. In answer to her query where he was going, he had answered to the Springs. He then told her of the quarrel and concluded by saying he intended fixing the old